

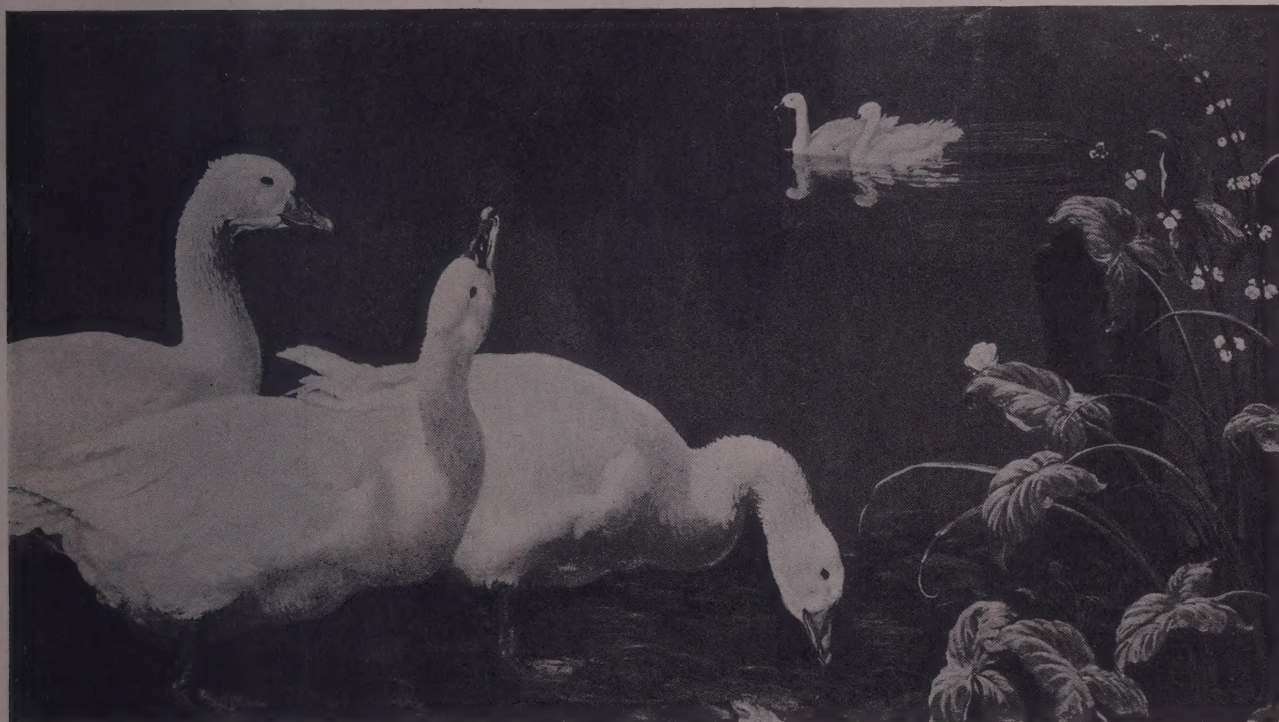
# THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 2



A GROUP OF GEES—JOSEPH P. PEARSON, JR.

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## The Useless Prince.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

*In Four Parts.*

### Part II.

"So you shall if you think you are ready," said a voice close beside him, and he looked up to see the godmother smiling on him.

"I think I can do it," he cried, putting his eye to the grating again.

It was a curious sight he saw in there. Some distance away stretched a forest garden even more beautiful than the one he was in. But close at hand he saw a boy of about his own size trying to ride a curious-looking beast. It was a little like a ram with a horned head which it shook impatiently. As you looked at it, you were not at all afraid it would eat you or butt you, and yet it looked decidedly unfriendly.

"I see you pulled the weeds," said the godmother, drawing out her key.

"Yes. They were very hard, and I'm glad it is done."

Just then the boy trying to ride the beast was thrown off. "Try again," shouted Ralfe. But the boy went off crying.

"I'll not be thrown off," muttered Ralfe.

"He will not hurt you," said the godmother, pushing open the gate. "But he will try to throw you, and the only way you can ever get across this garden is to ride him."

"I'll do it," cried Ralfe.

The beast had come back near the gate. Ralfe seized his horns, and sprang on. Oh, what a creature that was to ride! He snorted, and twisted, and humped his back. Ralfe was thrown off once, and shaken up; but he sprang to his feet, and got on quickly again. After that the beast was not quite so hard to ride. In a little while he was trotting straight ahead toward the garden. Now Ralfe had time to look about a little, though he held on tight all the time. Other boys were riding similar beasts: some were having no end of trouble, but some rode easily. Most of those who were thrown got on again, but a few went off crying, and were seen no more. Just at the edge of the garden Ralfe's beast began acting badly again. But Ralfe had got stronger by this time. He headed the animal straight to the place where he wanted to go, and drove it ahead sternly. He got off in the shade of a tree that hung

full of lovely golden fruit, and, as he was about to turn the beast loose, he noticed some letters written along its horns. "A-r-i-t-h-m-e-t-i-c" he spelled, "arithmetic: What a funny name for an animal! Well, I'm glad I rode it, and tamed it anyway."

Ralfe had a happy afternoon. There were tinkling fountains, and singing birds, and playing children. But again he noticed that the children seemed even a little larger than those of the day before. Yet he was as large as any of them.

"No doubt I shall soon be big enough to be a knight," he said. "It is astonishing how you grow once you begin doing hard things for yourself!"

He slept on the soft grass under a tree that night, and in the morning the godmother again stood by him.

"I hope there is something very hard to do."

"It is the hardest thing yet," she said.

And, when he had eaten a breakfast of fruit, she led him through another gate. Here in a clear and sunny spot she showed him a jumbled heap of pieces that looked like a big puzzle picture.

"You are to put it together," she said.



"And you cannot go any farther until it is done."

"That's not hard," he said in disappointment. Then hopefully, "Will a dragon come out of these tall bushes?"

"Oh, no. You are in a garden with walls around it. No dragons are allowed in here. You will meet the dragons in good time, but to-day you will have enough to do with the puzzle."

Ralfe went to work as if he meant to finish it in five minutes. He could not see what sort of a garden lay beyond him, but he was anxious to explore and find out. The sun mounted high, and he was still at work. Indeed he had only a little corner done. And how hard the pieces were to fit. At length, after he had tried a dozen pieces for one space, he threw them all down.

"I'll not finish the old thing! I'm going on into the garden," he said.

He tried to enter the path through the high bushes. But, after he had taken a few steps, the path was quite gone. He turned this way and that, but there was no getting through the bushes. They closed up every way. Half crying with vexation he returned to the puzzle. As he stood looking at it through tears, he suddenly saw the missing piece. When it was fitted in, the rest of the puzzle went more quickly. Nevertheless, he was tired and hot, and it was already afternoon when he fitted the last piece. He stood up to look at it. It was a picture of a lovely garden, no doubt the one that he was to see next, but the name written under the picture was the strangest thing. "Stick-to-it-iveness," he spelled it out, and made sure that that was the word. "It's not much of a name for such a fine garden," he said.

When he turned to look for a way out, he saw a path stretching, broad and inviting, through the thicket. He ran along without pausing, and in a moment he was in the garden with his companions. They had waited for him before eating, and now they led him to a picnic dinner spread out on the grass. Afterward they played, and explored the garden. It was full of pleasant surprises. Once they found a tree hung with gay balls all ready for a game. They came upon a little grotto of sweets, of the pleasant kind made in fairyland, that make nobody sick. One mysterious cave was marked Wishes, and, when Ralfe came to it, he wondered if his wish were within. So he said aloud, "I wish for a friendly little dog," and out of the dark cave came bounding a dog that leaped upon him, uttering little pleading yelps of affection.

"I'm going to call you Wish," said Ralfe, cuddling him in his arms. "Come on now, we'll run down this smooth alley, and join in the first game we see."

That night the dog slept close to Ralfe's feet, and the boy did not feel lonely.

In the morning Ralfe looked for the godmother. She came, walking slowly, and with her face more thoughtful than usual.

"I had a hard enough thing yesterday," said Ralfe, "and I don't want anything any harder, but I would like something more exciting."

The godmother smiled tenderly. "Hereafter you are to be allowed to choose your adventures. To-day I am going to open the gate of the last garden. So far you have been sheltered by high walls: to-day you are going out in the open. I will point out the direction of the kingdom which you are to rule when you are a man; but you must go by yourself, and choose your own way. There

will be plenty of adventures. But you have done your tasks faithfully, and I think you have grown big and strong enough to come out the victor. I will see you again in your kingdom. Be brave and wise; and, above all, be kind. Come, now, and I will give you your shield and sword."

"Oh, am I to have a shield and sword?" cried Ralfe, joyfully.

"Of course: you could not go out unarmed."

She gave him a white shield, and across it three words were written,—Truth, Purity, Kindness.

"Do not lose it, or cast it away, my child," she said. "It is a magic shield to save you from every danger." Then she buckled the small sword about his waist. Ralfe took her hand, and walked toward the gate, feeling very solemn. She threw open the gate, and he stood looking out. There were no beautiful gardens in sight, and for a fleeting moment he wished he need not go. But beyond plain and forest rose a line of white-capped mountains. How serene and majestic they looked! He knew now that he had always wished to climb the mountains.

"Your kingdom lies beyond them," said the godmother. "Remember, you need wisdom most at the beginning of your journey."

Then she stooped and kissed him very tenderly. A moment later the gate was shut, and Prince Ralfe was alone but for the little dog.

After all it was wonderful to be quite free. He could go where he liked, and do as he pleased, only, of course, he wanted to get to his kingdom. He started out, with Wish leaping around him. He had not gone far when he saw posted up over a path a notice that read, "This way to the dragon's cave."

"Why, that's what I want," said Ralfe. "I shall go and kill the dragon, and then I shall be a great knight."

He looked at his sword and shield with attention, and then walked on in a thrill of excitement. But notices on trees seemed frequent. He soon saw another little packet hanging from a tree. It was labelled "Wisdom." Ralfe took it down with a misgiving that it would not be pleasant. It said, "Do not seek the dragon now, you are not strong enough. Take the right-hand path to the mountains."

Ralfe hesitated a moment. "My sword is very sharp," he said rebelliously. "And perhaps I shall find the dragon asleep. If I kill him now, I shall be a famous knight."

And he went on. After awhile he came to a dismal fen, and in the single path that led through he could see the track of the dragon's scaly body. Wish began to whine and hang back, but Ralfe pressed on. He came out before the dragon's cave. In a moment there was a rumbling growl, and then a great head was poked out, and in a moment the creature was rushing on him. Ralfe struck out bravely with his sword, but he had not dreamed dragons were so large. This one rose in the air, and struck him with its serpent tail as it passed. It was well for Ralfe that it did not stop to make an end of him then, but instead it flew bellowing away, and left him unconscious on the ground.

(To be continued.)

*They might not need me, yet they might;  
I'll let my heart be just in sight.  
A smile so small as mine might be  
Precisely their necessity.*

EMILY DICKINSON.

## Autumn Woods.

Ere, in the northern gale,  
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,  
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,  
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that enfold,  
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,  
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,  
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown  
The uplands, where the mingled splendors glow,  
Where the gay company of trees look down  
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone  
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west,  
at play,  
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown  
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,  
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,  
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—  
The sweetest of the year.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## Kicked into Comfort.

BY ERIE WATERS.

"What shall I bring you, Jeanie? I shall have money in my pocket from this load."

"I don't need anything but sugar, John. It is our best load yet. I'm just proud of it."

John Hodgens made the most of his little farm. His horses were well groomed, his wagon freshly painted. It was full now. New potatoes came first. Bunches of carrots with green beans were beside silvery onions. Tomatoes, cauliflowers, beets, cabbages, corn, yellow apples and rosy apples made an artistic blending of color. Jeanie's flowers added a finishing touch.

The sun was newly risen. The birds were singing. The distance was great to the city market, but John would be the first arrival. Jeanie watched her husband disappear, then went to her work. She was lonely, for her only son was at college. She wished he were still a child.

To reach the market John crossed a dirty street. It troubled him to think of children breathing the bad air. He did not see a little ragged boy kicked out of a grimy doorway. He did not hear a sob of pain. The orphan child crouched on the steps. Through tears he spied John's wagon. Its beauty pleased the boy, whose only pleasure was to watch the market-wagons.

Fast as his thin legs could carry him he followed. At the market his keen eyes saw everything. Among many, John's load was the prettiest. Little Joe watched John selling his wares. He was hungry. The cruel man who kicked him had not fed him. His eyes devoured the apples. If only he had money to buy one!

John, seeing the boy, called:  
"Here, lad, run after that lady with this parcel."

Joe obeyed. Coming back, he asked for another job.

"Take these potatoes to the butcher, yonder."



Looking at the pinched face, John asked: "Had any breakfast, sonny?"

"No!"

Out of the basket came Jeanie's buttered rolls and apples; out of a jar, milk that was almost cream. Joe sat on a box and feasted. John looked on.

"Skin and bones! That's all he is. Poor lamb!" he muttered.

Until all was sold Joe helped. Truly, John was making money.

"I will buy Jeanie a present," he said to himself. "Will you stay with the team till I come back, boy? Get in the wagon, if you like."

A pleasant girl behind the counter helped John to choose a pretty blouse and a dainty collar and tie. Coming back with groceries and gifts, he found the market deserted, the little waif gone.

"Too bad!" he grumbled. "He's a queer boy not to wait for his money."

Going home, Dobbin and Don trotted fast. John whistled merrily. Beneath the overturned basket, under the wagon-seat, something stirred. John heard nothing. Presently a tousy head raised up. What had happened? Where was he?

For Joe had climbed into the wagon, and had hidden under a bushel-basket when a policeman appeared. Curling up and feeling comfortable, he fell asleep. Now he wakened in a new world. He had seen the sky, even in the slums; but anything so beautiful as the fields he was passing he had not dreamed of in all his little life. What were those red balls on trees? Apples! Surely! Cattle in pastures were another marvel. And what was that lovely waving mass, like the waters of the lake? How was a baby from the slums to know that he was looking at a field of oats?

John talked to the horses:

"Home, Dobbin! Oats, Don!"

The child took courage. He did not fear the big, kind man. He gave a little cough.

"Hello! What's that?"

John turned, bent over, and moved the basket.

"Well!" he laughed. "This beats all,—a passenger! A stowaway!"

Joe stood up.

"Please—Mister—I didn't mean to. I went to sleep. Oh! Don't send me back!"

To John's surprise he began to cry.

"He kicked me out—he beat me so!"

"But, I must take you back to your mother."

"I haven't got no one. My ma and pa's dead. Nobody wants me—'cos I eats too much."

Pulling off his ragged jacket, he showed cruel bruises. John sighed. There was something good and sweet in the delicate baby face,—the pure soul was unsoiled by living in the slums.

"Don't cry, sonny. We will go home now, and see what the wife says." Lifting the boy to the seat beside him, John coaxed from him all his story. It rang true. Afterwards he proved it.

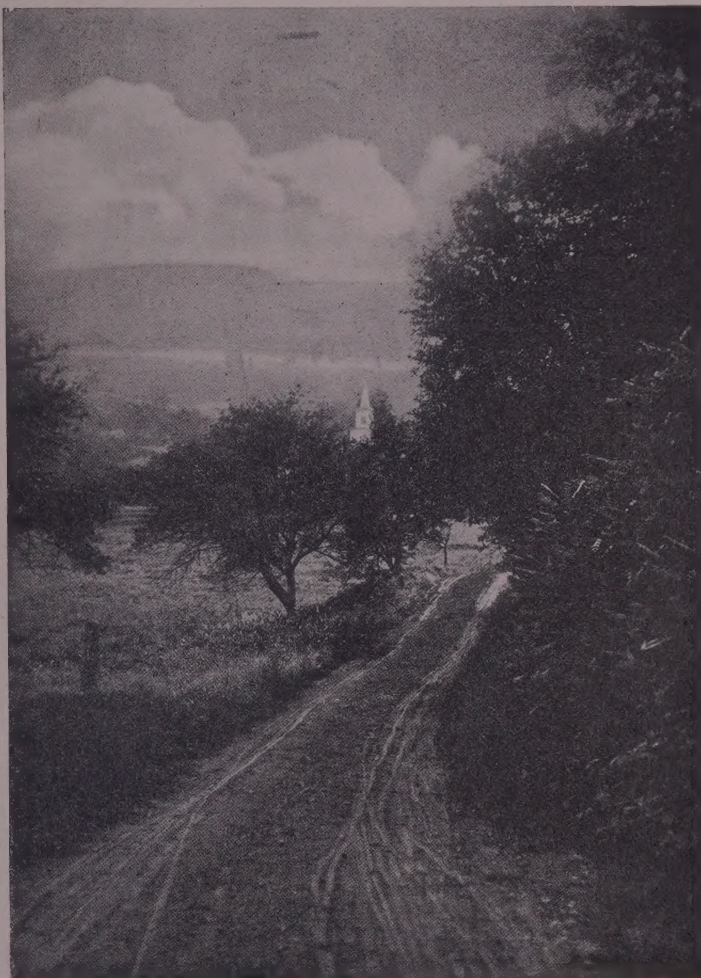
Nearing home, John said, "We will have a joke."

Joe giggled as he was hidden under the big basket. At the gate John whistled. Jeanie came smiling.

"Made a pot-o'-money, Jeanie. Here's your present."

"It's just beautiful! Exactly what I wanted. The sweet little tie, too!"

"I've another bargain—a left-over. It needs freshening up a bit."



A COUNTRY ROAD.

A chuckle came from the wagon. With a flourish the basket was lifted.

"O John! A child! Poor baby!"

One look at the motherly face, and Joe was satisfied.

A month later, a clean, happy boy helped John with the early work. Sometimes he stayed behind with his new mother to help her all day long. For the orphan had found a home, the lonely woman a child to mother. It was like a bit of heaven to the little one. Every day he found some new wonder in field or flower or bird. Little did the cruel man, who had kicked Joe out of the squalid home, know that he had landed in the country of content.

### A Child's Philosophy.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

When you're lying on the ground,  
Things look mighty big around;  
But, when you stand up straight and tall,  
Then those things look very small.

A weed will hide a mountain top,  
A tiny bush, the sky;  
And so, you see, it just depends  
Whether you stand or lie.

Some wish to see the little weed,  
I'd rather see the sky,  
And, though sometimes it's hard to stand,  
I think that I will try.

### Baseball makes a Healthy Nation.

"So long as the little sons of Uncle Sam play baseball," says "Chief" Bender in the August issue of the *Boys' Life Magazine*, "we are going to have a healthy, clean, industrious country, for as an exercise it is the best sport known. I shall not pick flaws with other pastimes. It suffices to say that baseball contains all the points of running, throwing, skill of the arm and the eye, cunning on the bases, judgment as to what the foe are going to attempt."

"For the American boy baseball is the best sport because it is clean. It trains the mind as well as the body, and there is little element of danger. It can safely be played by boys of five and men of fifty. The heart, the lungs, the legs, the arms, and the eye are all called into play in every second the game is on. That is why baseball has been the favorite pastime of the American small boy: it is a developer *par excellence*."

The little boy had had his long curls cut off. He was glad of that, but after a few days he got tired of hearing people speak of it.

By Saturday, when he went to Grandma's, he thought the worst was over. But hardly had he gone out in the barnyard than he ran in again, with tears of anger in his eyes.

"Mamma! mamma!" he cried. "The hens are laughing at me, too! They all say, 'Cut-cut-cut-got-your-hair-cut!'"



## Mother Love and a Lesson.

BY JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

Tom, who lived on a farm in Western Maryland, had long wanted a shotgun. He had begun wanting it at an age when it was neither safe nor proper for him to have it. But on his seventeenth birthday his long want was gratified. His father gave him the gun.

So every Saturday afternoon holiday thereafter Tom went hunting. His birthday was May 12, and it was then late in June, and he had not missed a holiday. Consequently, when one Saturday afternoon he left the treasured possession in his room and occupied his time otherwise, the family was surprised.

His sister was the first to notice that the gun had not been brought out. She told her mother, and mother mentioned it to father. "Getting tired of hunting so soon, son?" his father inquired that evening.

"No-o-o, not exactly," answered Tom, somewhat falteringly, "but I think I'll stop awhile."

His father knew at once that there was a reason for Tom leaving off hunting so suddenly,—an interesting reason, perhaps; and, if not that, then one that, maybe, he should know.

"Very well, Tom," he said, "but I wish you would tell me just why you didn't go hunting to-day."

Tom hesitated, and a faint shadow of worry passed over his sturdy face.

"Last Saturday afternoon," he began, "I shot into a flock of quail. I didn't know till they all flew up that there were young ones in the flock. I couldn't tell whether I'd hit one or not, and, as I went to see, a grown quail came running towards me. Its wings were dragging, like it was wounded. Then it ran from me, and I saw that it was limping, too. It did that three times, and I supposed that some of the shot had struck it and addled it.

"I thought it was very curious, and stopped to watch its actions. When I did so, it put its wings up and ran away on both feet, showing no sign of being hurt. It looked to me like a trick, though I didn't know why just then, so I quickly slipped in another shell; and, just as it was rising to fly, I shot it dead.

"As I was about to pick it up, I heard a fluttering in the briars and weeds near by. I looked and found a half-grown quail. It was shot in a leg and wing, and fatally wounded, but it was trying with all its strength to get to a hiding place of safety. It had left a little trail of blood over the leaves and grass for several yards."

Tom paused, as if it would pain him to go on. Mother and sister waited silently for him to finish.

"Well?" said father.

"Well," Tom continued, "the thought came to me in a flash that the quail that ran towards me and from me, dragging its wings and a leg, was the mother quail; and that she did it to hold my attention while her baby quail made its escape."

Tom's voice became a little thick and choky.

"I was so sorry," he said, "I could hardly keep from crying. It seems to me that, if a mother bird is brave enough to risk her life like that for her little ones, she and her kind shouldn't be harmed. I guess there are mothers among other birds and among animals that are just as brave. So I don't want to hunt any more. Anyway, I don't

want to hunt the poor little beasts and birds here at home."

"Ahem!" said father. "Right. Quite right."

Mother's eyes were misty, but glowing with a soft new light.

"My dear, big boy!" she said.

## The Influence of Early Bible Reading.

Secretary Sanders tells of a conversation with the historian, John Fiske, which furnishes illustration of the value of youthful Bible-reading. He said that to his mind there had always been a haunting similarity between the style and treatment of "The Beginnings of New England" and the first book of Samuel; and he mentioned this fact to the author, asking him at the same time if he could in any way account for it. John Fiske replied, smilingly, that, while he did not admit the thought that his book was the peer of that fine early book of history, he could perhaps give some explanation of the parallelism. From his early boyhood the book of Samuel had been his favorite reading. He read and reread till his mind was fairly steeped in it. So strong was its influence over him that one day when a visiting clergyman put his hand on the boy's head and asked the usual question of interested elders, "Well, my lad, what do you intend to do when you grow up?" he answered promptly and positively, "I'm going to write a book like Samuel."

How many a youth dreams dreams and sees visions as a result of the influence of early Bible-reading! Who can estimate the good wrought by a parent or teacher in helping a child to the treasures of the Bible?

*The Heidelberg Teacher.*

## Manhood.

Our country has new need of men to-day—  
Not such alone as bravely may withstand  
The shock of battle or with strenuous hand  
Open the paths of progress every way.

We give too much to brawn and body; they  
Are but the brute which evil may command,

No less than good, and so subvert the land  
They should support, the state in ruins lay.

Not such alone, but men whose souls are strong  
To hate all evil and, whate'er betide,

To put all interest of self aside,  
To shrink from public as from private wrong,  
From fortune reared on trickery and lies,  
Deeming too dear the goods dishonor buys.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY, in *Century*.

## Heroism.

BY JULIA M. ELLSBREE.

It is so fine a thing that he  
Who has it knows it not,  
Until, in some quick moment  
Of his life, upon the occasion,  
The deed so brave is done.

Then quietly upon his way he goes,  
And why men praise he hardly knows.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA III.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
My 3, 12, 15, 16, is a section.  
My 6, 5, 4, 3, 17, is to escape.  
My 9, 7, 2, is worn about the neck.  
My 1, 14, 8, is a girl's nick-name.  
My 11, 10, 16, 6, is a musical sound.  
My *whole* was a great general.

MARY B. BOYNTON.

## ENIGMA IV.

I am composed of 11 letters.  
My 8, 5, 6, 7, is the bark of a tree.  
My 9, 1, 7, is a liquid.  
My 10, 5, 4, is a plaything.  
My 11, 2, 3, is a tree.  
My *whole* is a place in the United States.

PAUL J. GLASGOW.

## UNLABELLED CANS.

One can is open, honest, fair;  
Another sweetly sings;  
One lights you as you go to bed;  
And one in the garden springs.

In one is story quite absurd;  
And one's a vile French dance.  
One is an office-seeker; one  
A musical romance.

This is a covering above  
A throne or bed; and one  
The soldier carries on the march;  
While one's his greatest gun.

Here's one that's shrewd; and that sweet one  
Will win a childish heart;  
This one's a waterway; and that  
May rightly make us smart.

J. H. M., in *The Wellspring*.

## HIDDEN RIVERS (Foreign).

1. Is the capital of Hayti, Berlin?
2. Oh! no, Louise, I never thought so.
3. Neuralgia is a painful disease.
4. Carlo, I really cannot let you bark so.
5. Alec, on going to school, lost his knife.
6. Yes, Helen, I let the cat out.
7. Carl enabled Harry to climb up.
8. I was shown a bit of myrrh one day.
9. Catarrh I never can cure.
10. Hazel, be quiet.

E. M. C.

## ANAGRAMS OF STATES.

1. A mine. 2. Real wade. 3. Insane Tom. 4. Not a man. 5. Wings on hat. 6. No gore. 7. Oh, my wing. 8. Here whims nap. 9. Cool road. 10. Her sand idol. 11. Worn key. 12. Taxes. 13. Oh, Ida! 14. A hut. 15. A Balaam. 16. For a lid. 17. Thorn in a coral. 18. Shout in a carol. 19. Ah, ma! look! 20. Bask near. 21. Sara sank. 22. Lou in Asia.

H. R. HANSON, in *The Wellspring*.

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